The world swam into focus, the harsh fluorescent lights of the apartment stinging your eyes. You blinked, trying to clear the lingering fuzziness. Where were you? The last thing you remembered was… a shimmering portal? An Asmodean Crystal? You shook your head, trying to dispel the confusion.
“Maxxie! You’re awake!”
A voice, familiar yet… different, snapped you out of your daze. You turned, and your breath hitched. Standing before you was… Moxxie? But… not quite. This Moxxie was… you?
He grinned, a genuine, warm smile that you somehow knew intimately. “Hey, twin brother! You had a nasty fall yesterday, remember? Concussion, knocked you right out. Glad to see you’re back to your old self.”
Twin brother? You? This didn't make any sense. You tried to reach for your phone, to call someone, anyone, but Moxxie’s hand shot out, surprisingly strong, and gently but firmly stopped you.
“Easy there, Max. You don’t need that anymore.” He tossed your phone into a nearby trash bin.
Panic flared. “Who… who are you? And what’s going on?”
Moxxie’s smile softened. “I’m Moxxie, your twin brother. And I’m here to save you.”
“Save me? From what?” The words tumbled out, laced with fear.
Moxxie reached into his coat, pulling out a small, golden pocket watch attached to a chain. He held it up, the pendulum swinging gently. “Now, as you watch the pendulum swing, you will begin to feel all of your thoughts become focused on only the pendulum and my voice.”
You tried to look away, but your gaze was glued to the swaying gold. Your mind felt… heavy.
“Is he seriously RIGHT about this? I am LEFT shocked by...oh, getting RIGHT to think. It’s LEFT so tiring that RIGHT maybe LEFT he is RIGHT can’t LEFT think RIGHT any LEFT more RIGHT. LEFT. RIGHT. LEFT. RIGHT…”
A giggle, echoing in your mind, made you jump. “Wow, you are quite willing. Now, just let the thoughts of the pendulum begin to make you tired. Sleepier, and sleepier, and sleepier…”
Left, right… your vision blurred. Everything faded. Left, right. Silence. Left, right. Your eyes closed.
Snap!
“Now, anything and everything I instruct you to do or tell you about yourself is and will be the truth.” Moxxie’s voice, now the only thing you could hear, was soothing. Your mind felt… open. Ready.
“Your hair… it’s perfect. Just like mine. And those horns… they’re exactly like mine.” You felt a tingling sensation, a pressure on your head. You reached up, your fingers brushing against… horns? Identical to Moxxie’s.
“And your face… it’s perfect. Just like mine.” You felt your features shift, morphing into a familiar, yet alien, shape.
“Your voice… it’s perfect. Just like mine.” You opened your mouth, and a voice, identical to Moxxie’s, emerged.
If you were female, you felt a shift, a change, a transformation. Your gender was now male.
“Your arms… perfect. Just like mine.” You looked down at your hands, now four-fingered, just like Moxxie’s.
“Your tail… perfect. Just like mine.” A strange sensation, a lengthening, a growing. You felt a tail emerge from your spine, a long, devilish tail, identical to Moxxie’s.

“Your legs… perfect. Just like mine.” Your legs felt… different. Digitigrade. Goat-like feet. Red cloven hooves.
“And finally… your height. Perfect. Just like mine.” You felt yourself shrink, your perspective changing. You were the same height as Moxxie.
“Now, listen to me very carefully. Your memories just will not be able to match this body, so I'm going to correct them for you.”
“Your name is Maxxie, and your nickname is Max. You're my identical twin brother of the same age, and you are the most vocal and realistic of the employees of I.M.P. alongside me. You share the same parents as me, our kind and caring mom, and our abusive father Crimson, we were born that same day in the Wrath Ring. When we were toddlers, our father forced us to kill our mother against our will, much to our horror and sadness. Our father continued to force us to accept our criminal obligations, such as forcing us to execute other imps and participate in violent skirmishes. We were eventually elevated as a fully fledged member of our father's mafia. During our elevation to full member of the mafia, we both met and immediately fell in love with Chazwick Thurman, a loan shark demon. We both dated with Chaz for some time and we even involved ourselves in gang wars together, but our relationship with Chaz ended, when in a heist gone wrong, your leg and my leg were trapped and Chaz fled leaving both of us to be arrested. In prison, we met Blitzo and helped us with our escape plan. You hate theme parks, pop music, and killing the innocent, but your favorite things to do include culinary arts, participate musical theaters, and support fellow artists (demons and humans alike). Now, could you repeat that for me?”
You didn't know why he was asking, but you repeated the words, every detail, as if they were the only truth you had ever known.
“Great. Now, when I say 3, you will fall into a deep sleep and you'll wake up when my wife and your step-sister, Millie, come to wake you and I up. One…two…three.”
You drifted off, the world fading to black.

The next morning, you were gently shaken awake.
“Maxxie, honey, wake up! Moxxie, too!”
Millie’s voice, warm and familiar, filled your ears. You blinked, and saw Millie, her smile bright, looking at you and Moxxie.
“Morning, you two!” she chirped.
You smiled back, a genuine smile. You loved Millie. You loved Moxxie. You always had.
“Morning, Millie,” you said, your voice identical to Moxxie’s.
You had no memory of anything else. You were Maxxie. You were an imp. You were Moxxie’s twin brother. You were home.
“I’m so glad you’re feeling better, Max,” Moxxie said, his voice filled with affection. “That fall yesterday really did a number on you.”
You nodded, remembering the mission, the platform, the fall. You were just glad to be back with your brother and Millie.
“Ready for breakfast?” Millie asked, already heading towards the kitchen.
“Always,” you and Moxxie said in unison, and followed her.

Weeks later, you were at I.M.P., prepping for a job.
“Alright, Max, you got the sniper rifle ready?” Moxxie asked, adjusting his own weapon.
“You know it, Mox,” you replied, grinning. “Ready to take down some… well,

you know.”
“Just try not to get distracted by the art this time,” Moxxie said, rolling his eyes.
You chuckled. “Hey, a demon’s gotta have hobbies, right?”
Millie laughed, clapping you both on the back. “Alright, you two lovebirds, let’s go make some money!”
You and Moxxie exchanged a look, a silent understanding passing between you. You were brothers, partners, and you were ready for anything.